The Acton Free Press

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1928

NAMES

Betty thinks that all the names
Given to girls and boys
Are colored just as flowers are,
Or books, or frocks or toys.

Betty's sure that Grace is blue,
Paul, a shining green,
Yellow is the happy shade
Of Evelyn and Jean;

Marjorie is a rosy pink,
Carl is silver-gray,
Eleanor is just as white
As snow on Christmas day.

John is brown and Jane is buff,
Tom is purple-spotted,
Susie has a soft of stripe,
Pattie's polka-dotted;

Lydia is lavender,
Joy is flaming red;
Dick is deepest, darkest blue;
So are Neil and Ned.

Mary is of crimson deep,
Helen, baby blue,
Betty wonders if those names
Seem that way to you!

—By Jennie Linquist

Chronicles of Ginger Farm

Written Specially for
The Free Press by
GWENDOLINE P. CLARKE

I suppose there really are only twenty-four hours in a day and seven days in a week but yet there are times when one almost begins to doubt it for occasionally we seem to be chasing ourselves all day and other times the week seems never ending and we manage to keep about two jumps ahead with very little trouble. To-day, for instance, it seems so long since I wrote my last spec! I began to get quite alarmed and wondered if by any chance I had missed a week. But no, although the season has changed and we are now plunged into the depth of winter it is really only one brief week since last I wrote. Since then we have moved house—or rather migrated from our summer quarters to our less draughty winter ones. Incidentally we have done a considerable amount of cleaning and experimenting with stove pipes. Stove-pipes—perish the thought! Were all other subjects to fail there would still be endless material found to write about in stove-pipes. Didn't Peter McArthur give us a most graphic description of one man's trouble with furnace pipes and the reception he gave to his wife's most timely and well-meant suggestions? And there is on record the words of the dissatisfied emigrant who stood at the ship's rail of a homeward bound liner and as she moved out from the dock called out "Good-bye Canada, you land of —— stove-pipes!" Not a very refined description perhaps but nevertheless quite as accurate as Kipling's description of Canada as 'Our Lady of the Snows.' It seems almost strange now as I look back to think that in England there really are no stove-pipes. But then every so often there were chimneys to be swept and for sootiness and mess I guess one is as bad as the other and of course the longer they are left the worse the mess. In Canada however we have one distinct advantage — nurse-maids and misguided mothers haven't the orge of the chimney sweep with which to frighten little children. Thanks to the tales and threats of a servant girl, stark terror used to strike my heart as a child whenever I met a sweep although to have him come to the house where one had the comfortable protection of mother and house was adventure indeed. About six o'clock in the morning he would arrive and the room where he was to work was plentifully strewn with newspapers and the furniture and ornaments all piled up and covered with dust sheets. His cleaning apparatus was in sections like a fishing-rod with a flat, circular brush on the end of it and as a child one would stand well back and watch proceedings with intense interest. Then with the soot gathered up in a sack and sixpence for his work the sweep would take his departure and the aftermath of clearing up was begun. Every man to his taste of course, but one cannot help but wonder what strange freak of fancy could ever induce a man to earn his living as a sweep. In Canada, since a professional stove-pipe cleaner is non-existent, this job falls to the lot of the average family man—at any rate in farm houses where we are invariably blessed with umpteen lengths of stove-pipes, which if one would rest secure from fire-alarms, must be cleaned out every few weeks.

Last week the little pigs were duly advertised in two papers. One, two, three days went by without any inquiries. On the fourth day Partner was invited to a wood-bee—a hang-over from last winter—and while he was away I sold the pigs. Yes, every last one of them. The buyer only wanted six but when he saw what nice little fellows they were he said he would take the lot for which we were very thankful as their cash value was indfinitely more preferable than their presence.

Perhaps one reason why this week has been so long is because the nights have been almost as busy as the days. We have been indulging in an orgy of card-parties, meetings and banquets. Partner has been doing his share with the cards whilst I was helping at the Mason's banquet for which our church was catering and I don't need to tell you it was no small job when we were supposed to provide for two hundred and fifty guests. Any kind of a supper means plenty of work but this was a super-supper—hot chicken, peas, potatoes, celery, salad, gravy, pickles, olives, bread, rolls and butter and ginger ale and for all those who had any spare spaces after consuming that amount there was all apple pie, ice-cream and coffee. We worked hard and we tried to put up a good meal and I shouldn't wonder but what every one was 'comfortably uncomfortable' at the end of it. Fortunately a dance followed the banquet and after we had cleared the tables and got rid of the unholy mess which always follows these big affairs we amused ourselves by watching the dancing and the antics of our erstwile dignified citizens as they disported themselves with ridiculous hats and ear-splitting whistles and trumpets. My friend and I who was staying with us—arrived home in the small hours and I suppose I must have been half asleep as after we got in I forgot to lock the front door! During the night the wind got up, the door blew open and the sudden rush of air went right through the house and opened six other doors as well. It was not only windy, it turned cold and was snowing. The next morning when Partner came down—well I need hardly say any more, as I am sure most of our readers are blessed with a lively imagination! That was two days ago and now he has quite recovered, thank you!

This afternoon I braved the elements and went off to attend our I. O. D. E. meeting. It was bitterly cold so Partner drove me in and called for the kiddies from school. I had the pleasure of walking home which I didn't mind in the least as I think fresh air and exercise are very necessary these days when one is inclined to hug the fire a little too close with headaches and lethargy as a natural result.

To-morrow I'm going to WORK! ! !

Worms sap the strength and undermine the vitality of children. Strengthen them by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator to drive out the parasites.

The Free Press Short Story

FLOWERS FOR ANNABEL LEE

BY MARGUERITE ASPINWALL

THE thirteen-year-old Lee twins, Dan and Billy, had their full share of disdain for girls that boys are wont to acquire at their age, but they acknowledged one exception in the person of their Cousin Annabel, who was four years their senior. Considering what a vast gulf four years is between thirteen and seventeen, the twins and Annabel had an astonishing number of bonds in common. Among them were a bubbling sense of humor with a dangerous tendency toward practical jokes, a passion for long hikes in all kinds of weather and, most obvious to the casual observer, vivid red hair and many freckles.

To Constance, the twins' older sister, who was a full-fledged young lady and whose pretty blond head was slightly in danger of being turned by too many beaux and bouquets, Annabel's attitude toward the boys was incomprehensible. "I don't see what you want to be forever trailing round with those kids for," she said rather scornfully one day when the twins and Annabel had returned muddy, glowing and disheveled from a five-mile tramp across country in the rain. "You look a sight, all three of you. I'm afraid you're just as much a tomboy as you were on your last visit two years ago, Nan," she went on in a grandmotherly tone of disapproval. "But you were only fifteen then, and it didn't matter much. But this winter you're seventeen—almost a young lady. And you don't seem to care a bit about clothes either; I can't understand you. Aren't you looking forward to coming out next winter in Washington? Gracious, I envy you that! I'd give just about anything to live in Washington instead of a stupid town like Brampton."

"O mercy! I'm not coming out, as you call it, next winter," said Annabel in an alarmed voice. "I'm not sure that I ever shall—certainly not for two or three years. Why, I have two years more of school before I graduate, thanks to my having pneumonia this winter and the doctor's not letting me go back after Christmas. There's one silver lining to that cloud, though," she concluded. "If it hadn't been for that forced vacation I shouldn't be here having such a gorgeous old visit with you all."

"I can't see anything gorgeous about the time you're having here," Constance objected. "If you were only out, you could go about with me, but as it is I'd call it a pretty stupid visit myself. Tramping in the mud with two young hoodlums—"

"O Connie!" Annabel changed her quick protest into a helpless little shriek of laughter as her eye happened to rest on the boys.

They laughed with her in entire good humor. "No worse than a dressed-up sissy like some of Connie's swell friends," observed Billy cheerfully.

"I'll tell you, Con, there's just one thing I really do envy you," Annabel said frankly. "That's the flowers you get most every day. A bunch of violets like the one you got last night does something funny to me inside. They're so woodsy and sweet, and—well, they don't seem quite to belong to earth."

"Why, Nan!" Connie said in astonishment, staring at her cousin's flushed cheeks and the eager eyes that held such a shining enthusiasm.

"I'm a nice mess with all this mud on me," Annabel said abruptly, turning on her heel. "Guess I'd better go and clean up. You too, Bill and Dan. We're all three a sight."

"Well, for a fact you don't look much like a girl in a poem, Annabel Lee," Billy observed in his most cheerfully offensive tone.

The twins, being inveterate "teasers," were in the habit of trying an occasional fling at their cousin's poetical name. But teasing Annabel was discouraging business, for she had a way of answering all attacks with a grin and a ready retort. The boys had tried her on a number of subjects, not because they really wanted to hurt her of course, but because she was such fun when on rare occasions she did flare up. But there were so few ways to tease a girl like Nan.

They had early committed to memory Poe's sentimental verses to her namesake and took to quoting them in public until they found out than Nan honestly liked both her name and the poem. After that, naturally, it was no fun. In regard to her red hair and freckles the boys were in the embarrassing position of "people who live in glass houses." But now at last, clattering upstairs to remove the traces of their afternoon's outing, they thought of a new possibility. They carefully refrained from referring to it, however, until the door of the bathroom had closed behind them, and the roar of the wide-opened faucets shut out all sounds. Then Billy grinned at his brother. "She's nuts on flowers, Dan," he said solemnly. "Wonder we never tumbled to it before. But the next time Connie gets a bouquet—"

Dan too grinned. "I see," he murmured admiringly. "And, say, Con's going to a party at Eve Alcott's to-morrow night with that Gordon fellow. Probably—"

"Sure, he sent 'em last time," Billy assented quickly.

The next morning the twins had of course to go to school, and in the afternoon Annabel had promised to spend an hour or more with an old friend of her mother's.

Consequently she did not see them until some time after dusk when at the sound of her ring the front door flew open and she beheld two excited, red-headed boys hopping up and down in the hall, waiting for her.

"Sa-ay, Nan!" they exclaimed both at once. "What do you think! Guess! Connie won't dare say anything to you now. Come on up and see 'em!"

"I put 'em up in your room, Nancy, in the open window just exactly the way Con does," said Billy importantly.

Annabel gasped. "Boys, for goodness' sake! What is it all about? What have you put in the window in my room?"

Two voices shouted in unison. "Flowers! Violets! Come on up and see!"

One on either side, they caught at her arms and dragged her toward the stairs.

In the hall above Billy flung open the door of her room and pointed dramatically. "Look at 'em," he announced. "Flowers! Say, somebody must think you're one of these debutantes like Connie. Who do you guess sent 'em, Nan?"

But Annabel only stood in the doorway, incapable of speech; her breath came unevenly, and her rosy, freckled face was white. Behind her back Billy was grinning, congratulating himself that he hadn't really fibbed; he hadn't said in so many words that some one had sent the flowers to her. His brother's eyes, however, looked suddenly the least bit worried.

As Annabel almost tiptoed across the room to the square purple box on the window, sill Dan, who was more observant than Billy, thought that she was actually holding her breath. The next moment she lifted off the cover of the box and cast aside a crinkly mass of purple tissue paper. Then she gave a little happy, childish crow of delight as she picked up the great bunch of closely massed double violets, still dewy from their last sprinkling, and held them against her cheek. They smelled of fragrant, rain-washed gardens and suggested warm sunlight and all manner of lovely outdoor things. "And they're mine!" she said softly exultantly. "And I've been envying Connie so! I wonder who was so heavenly kind."

Still holding the flowers cuddled against her cheek as if they were something alive, she looked carefully inside the box for a card, but she found nothing to give her a clue to the sender. She lifted her chin with a new little feeling of pride. Connie had said only yesterday that seventeen was almost grown up. Well, somebody else too must think she was almost a young lady to have sent her flowers. Still, she reflected happily, it really didn't matter much who the giver was. When you love flowers and have had to watch great, beautiful boxes of them coming to another girl day after day it is bliss to find yourself magically possessed of your heart's desire.

Just then she saw Connie cross the hall and called her in to share the surprise. It was rather nice to be able to do it, she had been called on to admire so many similar boxes of her popular cousin's in the past six weeks; of her visit. "Aren't they gorgeous?" she demanded, holding them triumphantly aloft.

Connie nodded curiously and complacently. "Um-h'm! Prettiest bunch he's sent me yet."

Nan straightened. "Sent you!" she gasped. "What—"

And then Billy, unable to control himself longer, burst into a whoop of glee. "She thought they were for her, ha, ha! Nan got a bouquet, but it wasn't for her!" he howled, dancing up and down like a jumping jack. "Got a rise out of Nan that time! Got a rise out—"

He stopped, for Nan's hand shot out in a fury and slapped him resoundingly on his freckled cheek.

The boys had seen her in a temper before, but this blazing-eyed, white-faced Nan was new to them and rather terrifying. The hand that had slapped Billy was trembling. "You, you you ungrateful little beasts!" she cried and then choked on a big lump in her throat.

"What have they done now?" Connie asked from the doorway. "I told you they were dreadful children."

"Nothing. Here, take your violets, we were—were just admiring them," Nan said and, stepping forward hastily, thrust the flowers, box, purple tissue paper and all, into Connie's arms. Then she turned to the twins, who were cowering a little under the look in her eyes. "You two get out!" she said briefly and shut the door upon them.

Out in the hall each boy drew a long breath and glanced anxiously at the other. Constance and her retrieved violets had disappeared into her own room. "Well, she sure was mad this time," Billy said in heartfelt tones. "Whe-ew! I never saw her in such a whacking old tantrum before."

"Nor I either. I'm sorry we tried it," Dan replied frowning at the closed door rather anxiously. "I'm sorry, Bill."

"Oh, well, she'll get over her mad soon and forget the whole thing, she always does," Billy prophesied.

But contrary to all precedent Nan didn't grin and forget. She came downstairs a little later to dinner, smiling and composed, but the boys noticed that only her lips were smiling. The smile didn't creep up and twinkle in her eyes; moreover, she did not look once in the boys' direction. As the evening wore on a growing consentration in their glances at each other told frankly that for once a promising practical joke had gone too far. Altogether it was a wretched evening for the cousins.

And the succeeding days were not much better. There were no more tramps across muddy fields, to come back with red cheeks, bright eyes and a dozen funny experiences to laugh over all the rest of the evening. Annabel clung to her aunt and Constance. She went driving and calling demurely, though before the episode of the violets she had said she loathed such pastimes.

"Say, I never thought she'd take it like this," Billy said to Dan as they were undressing for bed after one especially dull evening. "All for a silly bunch of flowers!"

"I guess we really hurt her," Dan said thoughtfully. "She was awfully pleased at the idea that somebody had sent her a bouquet. I've seen her look at Con's flowers, and I guess flowers mean a lot more to her than they do to us."

"Well, she'll get over it," Billy said again, but there was a doubt in his voice now.

"Well, you know she's going back to Washington next Monday," Dan objected. "If she goes away mad like this, maybe we'll never—" He stopped and swallowed savagely. It was unthinkable that Nan should go away angry and they should not meet again perhaps for two years or longer.

It was Billy that first thought of a way to make honorable amends. "Dan, I've got an idea," he announced deliberately.

"Well, I hope it's a better idea than your last," Dan said doubtfully. "You were the one who thought about the violets."

"No, I wasn't," Billy said quickly. "We were both in on it. But this is a real good idea. I bet it'll show Nan we are sorry. Listen now. You know mother and Con are planning a party for her Saturday night. Nan's got a new dress for it too. I heard Con say so. Well, let's buy her a bunch of violets to wear with it. A big, swell bunch down at Mandler's, where all Connie's come from, and have 'em sent up just before the party, all done up in a purple box with ribbons and things. I bet she'd be tickled to pieces and would forget all about that other time."

Dan's eyes opened in admiration. "Well, say!" he declared breathlessly. Then his face became gloomy. "Where are we going to get the money to pay for it?" he remanded practically.

"I've thought that out too," Billy replied. "The party's not till Saturday night, and Friday's the first of the month. We'll get allowances then."

For the past year the twins had been receiving an allowance of a dollar and a half a month apiece to buy baseballs, sodas, candy and the like. They were obliged to manage the sum carefully, otherwise the end of the month would see them facing hard times, for their father never advanced anything on the next allowance if they ran short. To give up a whole month's pocket money even for so commendable a project as violets for Nan meant a real sacrifice.

Dan blinked hard for a moment, and his lips pursed in a soundless whistle as he pondered the matter. Then his red head nodded briskly. "All right. That goes with me, Billy. We'll make out somehow. Only don't say a word to anyone beforehand."

Things went along much as usual until Friday night when the allowances were duly paid. It had begun to snow late that afternoon and promised a genuine coasting storm. The twins were wild with delight, for snow deep enough for sledding was rare as far south as Brampton. To add to their excitement the Bradys, who had a big farm up on Evans Hill north of town, telephoned invitations to the whole Lee family for a coasting party the next morning if the snow continued during the night long enough to pack well. Afterwards there would be luncheon in the cosy, old-fashioned farmhouse—and everyone knew that Mrs. Bradly was famous as a cook.

"We'll just have time to slip down to Main Street and order the violets at Mandler's before we start," Billy whispered before breakfast. "The sleigh's ordered for half past nine. We can make it easy."

Dan nodded, and as soon as breakfast was over the two grabbed their coats, mufflers and caps and escaped from the house before anyone had a chance to ask them questions. They knew old Mr. Mandler well and felt not a little pride as they asked to see the biggest and best bunch of violets in his shop.

After looking over several that the old man brought out the twins chose one that without question was the finest in the collection. It was an enormous bunch of big, single violets with long stems, and right in the centre was a dainty pink moss rosebud.

"It would be five dollars ordinarily, sir, as it's all made up and this storm means a poor day for business. I'll let it go for four," Mr. Mandler said, beaming at them.

The boys looked crestfallen. Four dollars! It had not occurred to them that their combined three dollars would not be enough.

Seeing their glances of dismay, the florist good-naturedly held up a smaller bunch. "You can have this for three dollars," he said.

"No," Billy interrupted firmly. "Nan's going to have the best." He looked anxiously at his brother. "We've got to earn that other dollar somehow," he said and his lips tightened stubbornly.

"Well, I'm willing," Dan agreed. "But how? That's the question."

Billy faced the old florist eagerly. "Mr Mandler, if we pay you three dollars down, won't you hold those flowers till we can try to get the other dollar?" He wrinkled up forehead. "Maybe we could shovel snow, clean some sidewalks round here."

Dan uttered a cry of protest. "And lose the coasting party, Bill?"

Bill hesitated for a long breath; then he nodded. "Got to," he said and gulped. "Couldn't wait till afterwards, or the snow would be shoveled. Are we going to show Nan we're sorry or not?" he demanded fiercely.

Mr Mandler, who had been listening with a little twinkle in his eyes, spoke quickly. "If you two boys are in earnest, you can start by cleaning my sidewalk here in front of the shop. I'll allow you a quarter off the violets for it. And if I speak to my brother-in-law, who runs the dairy across the street, I guess he'll pay you another quarter to clean his."

"We'll do it," Billy said briefly. "Thank you, Mr Mandler. And I guess we can find two other people who'll hire us. Here's the three dollars to hold the violets. May we use your telephone to tell the family not to wait for us?"

A few minutes later an amazed Constance was expostulating and demanding to know their reason for giving up the one coasting party of the season, but Billy cut her off unceremoniously by saying that she'd know all about it later.

The coasters did not get back to the house until almost dusk, and both Nan and Constance hurried at once to their rooms to dress for the party that evening. Nan was the first to come down, just before dinner was announced, and she found two weary and subdued boys sitting quietly before the log fire, she turned toward the hall table, where a large purple florist's box stood in solitary state. "O Con," she called. "Some more flowers for you."

She lifted the box carelessly and glanced at the tag attached to it.

Abruptly her expression changed, and the twins, listening and watching surreptitiously from across the room, heard her catch her breath. She glanced suspiciously in their direction, but they were watching the fire again.

"It says 'Miss Annabel Lee,'" she read half to herself.

Billy swung about squarely. "Then you'd better open it," he advised her casually.

With unsteady fingers Nan fumbled with the purple string and, finally jerking it loose impatiently, lifted the cover. On top lay a square white card scrawled over in heavy black writing. With another dubious glance at the two by the fire the girl turned so that the light fell on the message. She read:

Dear Nan: It was the nicest bunch we could find to make up before you go home.

Affectionately your cousins,
Dan and Billy Lee

She uttered a little cry. "Boys! It's not—not—"

"Not a joke," Dan finished gruffly. "Course not, Nan. It's a present to wear at your party."

"We bought it with our allowance money, and some more we earned today shoveling snow," Billy, the irrepressible burst forth.

Annabel, hugging the violets against her pretty new blue frock, ran across the room on silver-slippered feet till she stood between the twins' chairs. "You you gave up that coasting party to get this this wonderful bunch of violets?" she asked them in a choked voice. "And I had been thinking all these days you didn't really care the way you used to and we'd been such chums always. And now now—" Two big tears brimmed over and ran down her flushed cheeks. "I never heard of anything so so big and and wonderful!" she said and put a hand on each sturdy shoulder.

"Pin 'em on and let's see how thy look on your dress," Billy said gruffly. "It wasn't anything. I guess Dan and I can send you flowers for your good by party if we like."

"It was to show you we were sorry," said Dan; apology in words came more readily to him than to Billy.

"It was my fault too; I was too touchy," Nan said frankly and held out a hand to each. "Oh, and I forgot to tell you, boys, mamie and Con have asked me to come back in June for a long visit. We'll have lots more of our nice tramps then."

"You bet!" both twins exclaimed and gripped the friendly, tanned little hands held out in token of renewed comradery.

WHAT IS GOOD LUCK?

While talking with her market woman, an oldish, tired little body, a woman in a certain small town happened to spy a four-lealed clover in the grass. "Well!" she exclaimed. "There is another four-lealed clover! I am always finding them, but they never seem to bring me good luck."

"Is there really a four-leaf clover?" asked the market woman, peering over the back of her wagon. "I never in my life found one. But I find lots of six-leaf ones."

"Oh, that is bad luck!" exclaimed her customer.

"Well, I don't believe it," replied the little woman. "I've found them all my life, and I've never had anything but good luck!"

Good luck! Why, the poor little woman was the pity of all of the town-folk! Every week she brought her produce from door to door, in sunshine and in rain, in winter and in summer. She had peddled vegetables right after she was married, she still peddled them now, years later, with her wagon piled high with children. Who was she? The town-folk had been quick to find out. She lived in a dilapidated house and had a worthless husband, she not only marketed her vegetables but sowed the seed, raised them and picked them. Hark work, few pleasures and many cares were her lot, and yet she had "never had anything but good luck!"

Many of the housewives to whose doors she had brought her wares had everything they could desire. Yet, let some little unpleasant incident occur, and you would be likely to hear the complaint, "There, that's just my usual bad luck!"

Smiles or tears, good luck or bad, which shall it be? Gobden strikes the nail on the head when he says, "Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up. Labor, with keen eyes and strong wih, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him a legacy. Labor turns out at six o'clock and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines, Labor whistles." Or as Addison says, "A good character, good habits and iron industry are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of."

Let us have the soul of the little market woman! It is such characters as she possesses that have formed characters like Lincoln's.

THE SENTIMENTAL TELEGRAPH MESSAGE

Literary art is seldom employed in the composition of telegrams. But a writer in the London Express knows of a man who does aim at elegance in his telegraphic style, though with another purpose than the gratification of his own taste.

When the man is in the country, says the Express, he writes beautiful telegrams to his aunts in town on the least provocation. Here is a typical one:

"What pleasing prospect nature offers
In evening eye delighted with distant groves fields meadows cows sheep soul awed contemplation of infinite will you send on another twenty pounds temporarily short Henry."

And he usually gets it too!

PUNISHING THE GUILTY

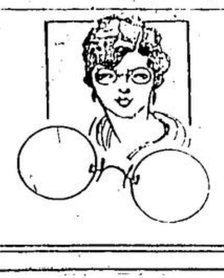
There was pesky humor in the remark of a boy who, coming home one Sunday afternoon with a string of trout, was suddenly confronted by the minister. There was no way of escape, but the boy took the offensive. "Minister," he exclaimed, "I'd like to see what they broke, got for maggots in worms on a Sunday?"

The minister went on his way, pondering "The Christian Advocate."

RAH-RAH GIRLS

"Jack, have you ever loved before?"

"My dear girl, I'll be perfectly frank with you. I've been engaged so many times, that my ex-fiancees have perfected an organization and adopted a yell." Wall Street Journal.



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BUDDED WALNUTS California Diamond, per pound 37c

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HERE is the perfect Christmas gift . . . endless entertainment by the greatest masters of music and drama . . . yours and your family's on Christmas day and all the days and nights to follow.

Hear Majestic's powerful, life-like reproduction of every program. Observe how its COLORFUL TONE reveals *all* the brilliant beauty of *all* music . . . orchestra or band . . . instrument or voice . . . high notes and low . . . without interference, distortion or background noise . . . at any volume . . . at any distance.

Order now. A small down-payment will insure delivery of your Majestic on Christmas morning . . .

Majestic ELECTRIC RADIO

W. D. Talbot, Acton
CORNER MILL AND MAIN STREETS

AUCTION SALE

TOWNSHIP OF ERIN

LIVE STOCK, TRACTOR OUTFIT, HAY, ETC

The undersigned has received instructions from

WM THOMPSON

to sell by Public Auction on his farm Lot 6 Concession 3 Erin situated on 3rd line, about 4½ miles north of Acton, on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1929

at one o'clock sharp the following:

14 MILCH COWS: Spotted Cow 4 years old, with calf at foot. Spotted Cow 4 years old due January 25. Red Cow 8 years old, due January 28. Red Cow 7 years old, due January 7. Blue Grey Cow 8 years old, due February 10. Polled Hereford Cow 6 years, due February 15. Grey Cow 4 years old, due March 20. Roan Cow 6 years old, due March 27. Red Cow 7 years old, due April 27. Grey Cow 3 years old, due May 1. Red Cow 5 years old, due in June. These are a choice lot of dual purpose Cows and all hand milked. 3 Choice Heifers bred about July.

YOUNG CATTLE: 3 Steers, 2 years old, short keep. 4 Heifers, 2 years old, ready for butcher. 2 Steers, rising 2 years. 4 Yearling Heifers. 3 Spring Calves. These Young Cattle are well bred Shorthorns.

PIGS: York Sow, due November 27. York Sow, bred November 16. Tamworth Sow, pigs just weaned. 7 Weaners. 2 Chunks.

IMPLEMENTS: 10-20 Fordson Tractor, new. Oliver 2-furrow Tractor Plow, new. Fleury Grain Roller, new. McCormick-Deering Separator, new.

HAY: 10 Tons Baled Hay, Timothy and Alfalfa.

Mr. Thompson is Selling as the Lease on One of His Farms has Expired.

TERMS: All sums of $20.00 and under, cash; over that amount 12 months' credit will be given on furnishing approved joint notes. 5% per annum off for cash. Pat Cattle, 3 months' credit. All notes must be acceptable at the Bank of Montreal, Acton.

ROY HINDLEY, Auctioneer,
R. R. No 3, Acton. Phone 15-r-16, Erin.
J. A. LINDSAY, Clerk. 22-2